

## **Wayne Hall**

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Interviewed by Kathi Irving, 19 December 2003.  
Transcribed by Marilyn Hunting September, 2004.

Kathi Irving (KI): This is Kathi Irving. I'm with Wayne Hall at his home at 394 East 100 North in Vernal. Wayne, let's start by you telling me where you were born and about your parents.

Wayne Hall: I was born in Vernal on 8 December 1930, at about 6<sup>th</sup> East on Main Street in a little log house that my dad built. I have five brothers and one sister. My dad was Emmett A. Hall. My mother was Irene Francis Wilcoxson. My oldest brother is Gratton, I was the second born, and I have a twin brother, Duane, then Weldon, Dennis, Kathryn, then my youngest brother, Frances, we called him Buck.

KI: Did you live in that house very long?

Wayne: We lived in that house till I was about eight or nine years old. We then moved up to Maeser on a little farm. The house was a little log house, had a dirt roof. It did have electricity. It was interesting, there was electricity throughout the valley, and probably more than half of the homes only had electric light in two rooms, probably in the kitchen and the front room. Other than that, in the bedrooms, they only had a coal oil lamp. I liked that little place up there—big pastures and every type of wild animal, it seemed like in the world, was there.

KI: What was the address?

Wayne: It was 1500 West, maybe about that far north. I have a great-uncle whose name is Orson Hall. It was right across the fence from him.

While I'm thinking about it, I don't want to lose track of this; we didn't know it at the time. We got to watch the last time that the Indians made their journey from the lowlands of winter to the highlands of summer, then back again, of course, in the fall. One afternoon, it must have been in early October, I heard a strange noise and coming up through that field was this bunch of Indians in their wagons. The men was in the wagons and riding horses and women and kids trailing behind, as it should be (yeah, right!), coming up through that pasture, and I thought, "What in the world do you think you're doing?" Well, they pulled up in there and camped in Uncle Orson's pasture. It was right across the fence from our house and I was scared of them. I was eight or nine years old, I guess.

Along about sundown, they started beatin' on the drum and I knew when Indians beat on the drums they were going on the warpath and I figured they was going to jump the fence and come and get me and put me in that big pot. They didn't. Anyway, we watched them do that, I don't remember, two or three times, their comings and going.

But the last time they did that was the fall of 1941. Because World War II broke out in December of '41. 'Course in the spring when it would have been time to go back to the mountains, so many of the young men were gone to the military that they could no longer make that journey, and, of course, when they came back, pickup trucks and cars were more available, and supermarkets, so they didn't do that anymore.

KI: Why were they going up to the high country?

Wayne: They made those journeys. They would gather berries and dry them. They killed game; they made their clothing from the hides. They would dry the meat and different fruits. Kind of like the white woman did her canning in the summer. The Indians did it, only they dried it. It was a lifestyle. It furnished their food, furnished their clothing and, of course, the covers for their teepees or their wickiups or whatever. It was a tradition that had gone on for hundreds of years.

We saw that end. The significance of it at the time didn't matter because we were just kids. But I look back on it now and it was an era in the life, at least of the Ute Indians, that they stopped doing that and have not done it since.

Jackie [his wife] and I have attended the Pow Wow over there for a long time and several years ago I was over there and watching the Grand Entry of the Pow Wow. The color guard was four veterans. I was standing there with a guy that knew all four of those guys and he told me who they were. When they came out of the Grand Entry, we went over and stopped them and he introduced me to each one of those guys. One of them, his name was Laurence Tom, he was a little guy, but he was one of those guys that was on that Bataan Death March in the Philippines. He had been a tail gunner on a bomber and had been shot down. His brother, David Tom, was another. I think he was a Korean War veteran, but I'm not sure.

Another one was a guy by the name of José Martinez. When I was introduced to him, he looked at me kind of funny and he said, "Hey, do you know Orson Hall?" I said, "Yeah, I know him. He's my uncle. Why?" He said, "When I was a young man, we camped in his pasture." So that has kind of come full circle.

KI: Do you know their destination, where were they going?

Wayne: Okay, there is a lot of feeling that they moved in a whole tribe at one time and that isn't true. Perhaps, a family. It seems like to me, those that come up in there, there would be thirty-five or forty. It might be a family, maybe two or three families together. They'd go up on Mosby Mountain or out in the Book Cliffs. Some [went] up here on Taylor or in the High Uintas, some over into Brown's Park, some went up on Blue Mountain. 'Course, they all gathered back down at Fort Duchesne or in Ouray country come fall. They traveled a long way in their journey. It wasn't any more than survival but, still, at the same time, I'm sure they played their games and whatever during these trips. I thought it might be like the white man going to the mountain all summer. But to them it was the means of making a living.

KI: Before we go back to where you lived in Maeser, I want to know about this little cabin on Main Street. What was your father doing when you were living down here?

Wayne: My dad was a coal miner, probably by trade. He was a sheep shearer. There again, there wasn't a lot of work around, there wasn't a lot of money; so guys did what they had to to make a living. Mostly Dad mined coal, then, 'course, in the springtime and early summer he sheared sheep.

KI: It didn't really matter where he was living then. He just went out to shear sheep wherever?

Wayne. No. A lot of times they were camp jobs. He had a tent and a little stove and generally would team up together. I remember when I was a little kid and Dad would take us with him. I remember one time they went out to the Bonanza Shearing Corral and I thought there couldn't be that many sheep in the world. It just seemed like to me the whole landscape was covered with sheep. How they got all them all sheared and kept them separated, I don't know. We went out there with him a time or two.

I remember going up on Diamond with him when they sheared sheep up there. Another time they were shearing over here on Brush Creek Corral. I don't remember a whole lot about them. Dad had a pretty good camp. He had bed springs, mattress, a little camp stove where he cooked. Dad was a pretty good cook. Then, too, we were needed around home because there was cows to milk, pigs to feed, chickens, and that sort of things.

KI: So this little cabin sat on some property so you could have your farm animals?

Wayne. Yes, this one where I was born. I remember when we moved from there, it is quite interesting. It's about four miles from there to the place we moved. This old milk cow had a calf and my twin and I had to lead that cow and calf from this place down here to the one in Maeser. It seemed like to me, by the time we got there he was riding the calf—maybe not, but that's the way I remember it.

KI: Was the house in Maeser already there or did your dad build it?

Wayne: It was already there. A few corrals, not many. It was a hard work place. Dad, he spent a lot of hard hours clearing brush back off the pasture to make more ground available for corn, barley, and oats, and that sort of thing. He worked hard on that place. Farming then was about like it is now—there wasn't much money in it. You could make a little fortune, but you had to start with a big one. That's kind of the way it is now.

KI: Did it feed the family, though?

Wayne: It did. Well, between that and the coal mining. I can remember milking all them stinkin' cows. Had to get up early in the morning, before we went to school, to get them cows milked, and cranked that separator, separate the cream from the milk, and then wash the separator. Calder's Creamery, they had a truck and they come by and they would pick up the cream. I don't remember if they paid for it then or sent a check in the mail. It wasn't much but every little a bit helped. Raised most of our own food, generally a couple of pigs to kill in the fall.

That was quite an event. Build a big fire and put a fifty-five gallon drum over it and fill it with water then kill the pig, slit its throat or sometimes Dad would shoot it with a .22. Then douse it down in that hot water, then scrape it like scraping a pig—what else? Kind of like shaving. It was quite an event when we killed the pigs. It seemed like it was always cold and nasty when we did. It probably wasn't, but that was the ones I remember the best.

KI: What did you do with the meat?

Wayne: Okay. That meat was cured. We used that Morton's sugar cure salt. I hated it then and I still do. I don't know why they called it sugar cure. It was never sweet to me. They had a needle that you could mix up a brine. I remember watching my mother and dad and they would shoot them hams and shoulders and whatnot with that brine. It would cure it—cured a lot of it and there was side bacon and whatnot.

There wasn't much refrigeration at that time, but you could put those hams down in the cellar and they would keep good. They would get mold on them but mold won't hurt you. (That's where penicillin came from.) We would go get those hams or shoulders or whatever and see my mother scrape the mold back and cut off slabs of ham and throw them in the frying pan. It would probably kill you now, but it didn't then. The side pork was nothing but bacon cut thick, but, boy, it was good. 'Course we raised chickens and we would have a chicken killin'.

I guess probably half the meat us kids ate when we were growing up was venison. It was all poached, if you will. I kind of think that was expected by the game wardens. We weren't the only ones that poached deer certainly.

KI: Not from what I've been told. Many people have told me they just went and got a deer when they needed a deer.

Wayne: That's a true statement. Whether it was spring, summer, winter, whenever. If you needed it, you needed it. But to my knowledge and remembrance nothing was wasted like that. I remember Dad was good about tanning those hides, scraping that hair off. I don't remember the process now, but we did have a lot of deer hides around.

KI: What did you do with them?

Wayne: You could make clothing, that kind of stuff with it. The sheep hides, sometimes left the wool on them and used them on the seats of mowing machines or hayracks or wagons. Sometimes we'd take the wool off and make vests, that sort of thing.

KI: You said you grew corn and barley and wheat. So, did you have to take them to be milled?

Wayne: No, for the most part not. I remember taking the wheat down to the flour mill and having it ground into flour. Fed the barley to the pigs, the oats to the horses and cows, the corn to the cows, wheat to the chickens. I don't why you had to have all those different grains.

KI: Did you bring your wheat down here to the Vernal Roller Mill? There wasn't one in Maeser

then, was there?

Wayne: No, that old Reynolds Mill that was up there had long since burned down. We got it ground at the Vernal Mill. That was the time, too, when more modern procedures were coming along. I do remember it was a lot easier and probably just as cheap to go buy flour in the fifty-pound sack as it was to have it milled.

I think this: that I was fortunate that I got to live during the very best of times because I got to see some of the pioneers' ways, if you will, disappearing, and going from that up until now where we got, like, that rotten computer in there, where you have the world at your fingertips. Things are so much easier, so much nicer. We hear it said the good old days are gone forever. For the most part, I'm glad they are. I think the quality of people at that time may have been higher than it is now. You could depend more on what they said and what they done. I'm not sure that's true anymore. Anyway, I'm glad I got to live in the time I did.

Even having said that, you know, we used to get up in the morning and build a fire in the cook stove and a fire in the heating stove in the front room and I would a thousand times rather walk up to that thermostat on the wall to get that [heat]. No, there is so much that I like now but there is things about the old days that I liked.

Things were not so readily available, like for entertainment and games and that sort of thing that we played and as young adults. There was a swimming pool about where the jail is, I never did swim in there. The swimming pools were in the canals. There were several places where you could go swim. I think now that would be child abuse, I don't know. There were a lot of places in the canals and Ashley Creek, during the right time of year anyway, where we went to swim. In the wintertime there were several places around where you could go ice skating.

Things weren't furnished. The baseball diamonds that we used, I can remember very well up there at Maeser School when we went out to play softball, generally the bases were marked by a dry cow paddy, but that was good enough. Gosh, now the lights and the way the fields are marked off. There's tennis courts. There is everything. Well, when they built that one high school up there, I'll never forget my grandad saying, for every foot of learning room, they got three feet of playing room. That's the one that is the Jr. High now [161 North 1000 West]. I'm not saying it's all bad, but I'm not saying it is all good either. It seems like there could be more programs where we could learn to work. That seems like the right thing to do to me, but they don't ask me about these things.

KI: You mentioned school, why don't we talk about that for a minute? Did you ever go to Central when you were living down here?

Wayne: Yes, we did. We went from the first grade through two weeks into the fifth grade over here in Central School. Then we left there and went up to Maeser, started there in the fifth grade. Well, I could tell you my schoolteachers. Mada Walker was our first grade teacher. Our second grade teacher was a Miss Ross, she was the meanest teacher I had. Third grade teachers was a Miss Jensen, she was sick a lot and so Edith Allen that lived in Maeser substituted a lot. Our fourth grade teacher was Iris White.

At that time there was what they called the little building. It was just south of where the old school was. I don't remember how many grades, I think there was only two or three rooms in

that. Anyway, our fourth grade was there and they decided to tear that down. They sent us up to the high school, so we went to the fourth grade in a room there. Then we went to Maeser for fifth grade to the eighth grade. Our fifth grade teacher was Myron Perry, and our sixth grade teacher was Naomi Tipton, seventh grade teacher, probably one of the best teachers I ever had, was Clark Larsen, the eighth grade teacher was Tommy Caldwell.

You know, he was quite a disciplinarian, he was always fair, but when he said to do something, he meant it. One of the things I remember good about him: it was during World War II and Don Pitt and Wallace Caldwell were driving some bulls up the road past that school and Mr. Caldwell was afraid someone would get hurt. [He] come running out there and told all the kids to get to the back of the school and stay there till they got those bulls by there. Well, I didn't think I had to go for a while. There was a big weeping willow tree there and Mr. Caldwell went over there and got him a branch off from it and it didn't take him long to convince me that I needed to go back behind the back of the school building.

KI: What did the school look like when you were at Maeser?

Wayne: There were four grades on the bottom floor and four on the top. Then on the south side of that building there was a big tube and that was the fire escape from the second floor.

KI: Did you ever get to go on it?

Wayne: Yes, we did. Sometimes we would come out of Mr. Caldwell's room and we would open that little door and go scootin' down that fire escape and it would make him madder than... We weren't supposed to use that, only in case of emergency. So sometimes what we'd do is start at the bottom and climb up through it so we could scoot down.

It was a big, kind of a square building and had that great big bell on top. There was a Mr. [John] Merkley that was the janitor. At 8:30 or something he'd ring that bell. One of the thrills of going to that school was when we were there he would let us help ring the bell. What an exciting thing that was.

KI: Did you bring your lunch to school or did you have hot lunch?

Wayne: That was interesting. I don't remember when they started, but we had hot lunches and I remember they were three cents apiece. You didn't have to pay for it in cash; you could bring produce, like potatoes, carrots, or that sort of thing. The meals were three cents and I thought they tasted *so good*. Yeah, we had hot lunches.

KI: Do you remember who the cooks were?

Wayne: No, I can't. I can see their faces, but I can't put a name on them.

KI: Where did you eat? Where in the building was there a lunchroom?

Wayne: On the bottom floor. There wasn't a room. There was just an open space right in the

middle of the building. That's the wrong way to say it. There was a room in each corner, but in between those rooms was this big empty space and that's where they served the lunch. I can't remember where the kitchen was right now. Must have been right where the furnace was. [Ed. note: The kitchen was in a room that was built between the first and third grade rooms on the south side of the bottom floor. There was the same empty space between the second and fourth grade rooms on the north side. Lola Christensen and Mrs. Haddon were two of the cooks.]

KI: Did you have indoor plumbing?

Wayne: Yes, we had indoor plumbing.

KI: Did you at your house in Maeser?

Wayne: No. I'll have to tell you about that, too. We never had plumbing in the house until I was a sophomore in high school. That's when we left Maeser and Dad bought a little place out here on 500 West and about 600 North. Never had a bathroom in the house till about 1946, I think it was.

KI: So you were still taking baths out behind the cook stove, huh?

Wayne: Yeah, right in front of the cook stove, and you were awful careful when you got out of the tub to dry off when you bent over or you could get branded. A number three galvanized tub was the bathtub. A bucket of water and a dipper was kept right there and, of course, the wash dish was right to the side by the washstand there. There was a little house out behind the big house with a path leading both ways. That was the way with probably half of the houses, or maybe more, in the valley. I can't say that indoor plumbing was uncommon, but I really believe, thinking about it right now, that there were more homes that didn't have a bathroom than did.

KI: You said you moved away from the Maeser place when you were a sophomore, so when you were a freshman you still came to the high school? Were you bussed?

Wayne: Yes. We rode a school bus.

KI: I talked to Elva Searle a while back and she said coming from Maeser was like you were the kid from the country, you were hicks in the high school. Is that the way you remember it?

Wayne: I kind if remember that way too. Well, when the school was out, we had to take the bus home because we had chores to do, cows to milk, pigs to feed. We didn't think the town kids did, that they were more privileged than we were. We didn't know the whole story and they didn't either. But I think it was more our imagination than anything else, that they felt like we were hicks. Some of them did. As we have had class reunions over the past fifty-five years, we find that some of our thoughts at the time were wrong, well, in a lot of cases. We were good friends, and didn't even know it when we were going to school.

KI: Who were your friends?

Wayne: Well, I can't think of anybody that wasn't. I thought everybody was.

KI: Were there guys that you liked to hang out with?

Wayne: Yeah. Probably Don Slaugh, Calvin Murray, Pudge Merkley, Ray Hunting, Lee Taylor, Jack Samuels, Bob Williams.

KI: Did you get in trouble with these guys?

Wayne: Yes, matter of fact we did. Some of the things that were exciting, now we'd have a chick-a-ree. What we'd do is go to somebody's house and a couple of guys would take off and go to somebody's place. I really hate to think of this as stealing, but it was, 'cause they didn't belong to us. But we'd catch a couple of chickens and skin them and clean them, then take them back and somebody would fry them up. Another—we did call this stealing—but it was stealing watermelon. One of the greatest sports in the whole world was stealing watermelons and not get[ting] caught. There were several good patches around. We got pretty good at it. Don't remember getting in much trouble over it.

Got in trouble sometimes at school. There some members of the faculty that were pro-town kid and anti-country kid. There was a lot of us country kids that didn't like the coach, he didn't like us at all, but that was all right 'cause we didn't like him either. But because of him—not because of him, but in spite of him—the wrestling program got started in Uintah High School. We couldn't do anything else because he disliked us so much. I don't know why we did, but we got interested in wrestling. We did pretty darn good at it. That was the formation, too, of the first wrestling team that Uintah had. He done everything he could to stop that.

KI: Tell me who that was, I don't know who you're talking about.

Wayne: Frank Wright. He was the head coach. Oh, I could go on and on about that guy, but what he did and said isn't worth my time. He disliked us and we disliked him. Even so, at that time the premier wrestling tournament was the Intermountain AAU Wrestling Tournament and this one particular year, it probably was always held there, I don't know, it was held at that old Deseret Gym in Salt Lake City.

We went out to that. Well, a couple of things happened. The first match that I had there was against a kid named Zalott, I don't know why I remember that a but I do. He was from Jackson, Wyoming. When the referee blew his whistle till the time that first match was over with him was thirteen seconds. It was a matter of getting contact and picking that guy up and slamming him on the mat. That was the fastest pin in the history of that gym. So I liked that.

KI: What weight were you wrestling at?

Wayne: I was 155 pounds and Duane was 145. In that tournament I ended up winning second.

There again, it's kinda like the *Vernal Express* and being a Democrat, they don't talk much about you. There wasn't much publication about what our wrestling team did at that time.

KI: Was it an officially sponsored team by the school or was it a club?

Wayne: It was by the school.

KI: Who was your coach then?

Wayne: It was Clark Larsen. He was the guy that was our seventh grade teacher and he was teaching down to the high school then. He was the wrestling coach. We were the first team. On that team was Don Slaugh, Tom Snyder, Clark Larsen Jr., Buddy Jacobsen, and Duane and I. I guess that was the whole team.

KI: It sounds like a good memory for you now. Did you wrestle all four years?

Wayne: No, just that one year. We were seniors when this took place. It was in 1948. That particular tournament was in February, maybe March, of 1948. Then 'course we graduated in May of that year.

KI: What was it like going to school during the Second World War?

Wayne: There was exciting things happened. There would be drives, like picking up tin cans we saved and collect[ing] old car batteries. I don't remember what grade we were in but there was a campaign to learn to knit and knit those beany caps for the GIs. I remember we knitted a jillion of those things. There was many programs to support the war effort.

KI: Did you buy stamps for war bonds?

Wayne: I did. You could buy so many stamps and it filled a book. I think the lowest priced war bond was \$18.00, \$18.75 or something like that. But you could buy stamps and when you got that book filled that was an \$18.00 savings bond. I think probably more of them stamps got throwed away more than anything else. Kids just don't collect and save them very well. I know I didn't.

We were in the seventh grade. Hugh Richens was a soldier and he came home on leave and he came to Maeser School and it was in Mr. Larsen's class. He come up there to talk to us and that was before he went overseas. Hugh don't even know it now, he was one of my heros because when he got up to talk to the class, he let me hold his hat. I thought that was great.

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Wayne: There was a lot of activities community-wide to support the war effort. It is hard to remember back but there were dances, war bond drives, I can't remember to be specific about it.

I remember there was a big dance held right in the middle of town, right there in the intersection of Main Street and Vernal Avenue. There would be dances at the Imperial, dances up at Doc's Beach.

KI: What did they do with the money they collected?

Wayne: I don't know, buy war bonds with it I guess, I never thought about it.

KI: Did you have a radio or were you too far away?

Wayne: Yeah, we had a radio.

KI: What kind of things did you listen to on the radio?

Wayne: You listened to the news. Then there were programs: *The Thin Man*, *Jack, Doc and Reggie*, *Lum and Abner*, a lot of programs like that, of the times. It seemed like it was a serial, they would come on once a week. There was the Hillbilly Hit Parade. It came from Veacunja, Mexico (don't expect me to spell it), just across the border from El Paso, or someplace. I don't know. I remember listening to that a lot.

Boy, [I] treasured that radio. It seemed right at the good part, you'd get a lot of static and couldn't tell what was going on. Television didn't come along—and radios wasn't really all that good. But you treasured every minute you'd get to listen to it. I remember that house up in Maeser, our bedroom was upstairs and we'd have that radio on, turned down low so we could hear it and Mom and Dad couldn't and make us turn it off.

KI: Do you remember when the war was over and what happened?

Wayne: Where was I in 1945? I was still in high school. Really, right now I can't remember all that much about the war ending, only that it did. The servicemen started coming home. I just don't remember. I guess I should but I don't. I remember lots of guys coming home.

That was about the time the oil boom was going here around here. That was both a good time and a bad time. There wasn't a whole lot of work around, especially for kids. Going to work out to there Rangely especially; that's where most of the drilling activity was at. Gosh, it seemed like it took all you made to keep in clothes.

I hated those jobs because they were so dirty and nasty. I never did like that and I don't like it now. It was a long ride out there and the long ride back. That road from Artesia, which is now Dinosaur, from there down to Rangely, that was a tough José. If a cloud even comes over the sun, that road was so muddy it was almost impassable, but you still had to go 'cause you had to get to work. I didn't last out there very long, I hated that place.

KI: Is that what you did after you got out of high school?

Wayne: No. That was between school years that we done that. No, after high school I immediately left here and I was just kind of a vagabond for—oh, a year and a half. I worked on

a Dude Ranch over at Woodland Park, Colorado, just west of Colorado Springs. Then that fall, the guy that owned the Dude Ranch had me haul a truck load of horses from there to Truckee, California; I was seventeen years old. They'd throw me under the jailhouse now. We went down there and cut Christmas trees for a while, I don't remember how long, came back and there was no jobs. But I had met some people from Oak Park, Illinois, just out of Chicago and I talked to him on the phone, and he asked me to come back there, and he wanted me to break a horse for him. So that's where I spent the winter of 1948 into 1949.

I came back. I ended up down by San Francisco, that was in January of 1950, and I was down there and that's when I enlisted in the Air Force. I didn't want a job down there. The only job I knew I could find was in the military.

KI: Did you join first or did Duane?

Wayne: Duane did. He was in a little over a year before I went in.

KI: Did any of your other brothers enter the service?

Wayne: Yeah. Out of the six boys, five of us saw military service. Duane and I were both in Korea and both in Japan, never at the same time. He came back from the Far East about the time I was getting ready to go over there.

I'd kind of like to tell about that. In July of 1952 dear old Uncle Sam made me an offer that he absolutely would not let me refuse, that was an all-expense paid cruise to the Orient. The cruise line being the US Navy, that's a very poor choice. Some of the things he didn't say was [that] at the end of that cruise people were shooting at each other. Not only that, but it was a one-way ticket. That should have been a clue that something wasn't quite right here. Duane was coming back just as I was going over there.

On my looking back, that military time was so educational. If I could, I would write volumes of things that I got to see, places I got to go, and things that I would never have dreamed of had it not been for the military. I wouldn't ever want to do it again, but I'm sure glad I got to do it at that time.

It was kind of an interesting thing. I was rather successful with the four years in the military. Promotions weren't that easy to come by. Anyway, when Duane was in for three years, he had been promoted to Staff Sargent. When I was in for almost exactly the same time, I was promoted to Staff Sargent. But it was about a year apart. That was kind of an interesting thing.

I got out of Korea when I left there. I feel kind of sorry for my brother, Duane, because he didn't. It's more than fifty years later and he thinks he's still there, I think. I don't do that. I think back a lot of times of the things we did there and the reason we were there. Once again, I'm glad I got to do it. There is some bad memories of it.

KI: Did you see a lot of combat?

Wayne: I did not see combat. I'll tell you about that a little bit. I was in an ammo supply squadron, it was the biggest ammo dump in the Far East except Johnson Island, and being an

ammo dump, we were susceptible to snipers. There were some. A down side, our ammo dump was up on the side of a mountain and we had revetments dug back in where bombs and ammunition were stored. I guess I have to say this, everything we handled dealt with death and destruction. That was bombs and ammunition and wing tanks, used them wing tanks on the jet planes and they used that fuel up first, that way they had enough to make a round trip, otherwise it was a one-way trip. That ammo dump was on the side of the mountain and the compound where we lived was a couple of miles down from there. They had guards and guard dogs to patrol at night, to patrol both. I'll tell you this, specially up in that bomb dump, there was a lot of times we worked around the clock. After dark, when you go to get off the crane, I was a crane operator, you darn sure better know where that dog and that guard is at because he'd turn the dog loose on you.

One night, we changed shifts at midnight, we were coming from the dump down to the compound where our huts were and there was four of us in a jeep and a shot rang out and the guy was either an incredibly good shot, or incredibly bad, or we were very lucky, I don't know what. But it took the windshield out and the driver kind of panicked. He ran off the road and hit a tree. That was the end of my tour in Korea. I woke up the next morning and I was in one of those MASH [Mobile Army Surgical Hospital] units, kind of like that one on television. I had my right leg broken right square in the middle of the femur between my knee and my hip. In the MASH unit they packed us for shipment. I was in a plaster of Paris cast from just under my ribs, full length of my right leg, including the foot, and just past the knee on my left leg. It was just about as wide as you'd sit on a saddle horse. Well, it was kind of bad and my leg was trying to swell and it couldn't. Boy, did it hurt. I couldn't get them to give me anything to relieve the pain, maybe it wouldn't have done any good anyway. I don't know.

I got to tell you about that. There was a woman that come in there, she was a Red Cross woman, she had a tray with a strap around her neck and whatnot. On that tray she had a whole bunch of items, candy bars, writing paper, pencils, chewing gum, cigarettes. I was hurting so bad and she walked over there and she said, "How're you doing, GI?" What the hell are you supposed to say? I said, "I'm doing all right." "Is there anything I can do for you?" I said, "No, I don't think so, not especially. But I sure would like to have a pack of those Lucky Strikes you've got there." She said, "You're not eligible till you've been here for three days." I thought, "What the hell has three days got to do with anything?" But she didn't let me have any, anyway. I said, "There is one thing you could do if you would. Let my wife know where I'm at and that I'm okay." She said, "Oh, we always do that, that is one of our jobs."

Okay, this is the first day of December and it's cold. We were supposed to leave there and go to Japan to be operated on and recuperate. They wheeled us out to the flight line and just like the military is, you got to hurry up and wait and, oh, it was cold. Anyway, we were waiting there and the news came down that all allied aircraft in the Far East had been grounded except the 1300 jet planes that were escorting President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower. I hated that guy and I hate him to this day over that.

They took us back in the there to that unit and we stayed right there till the morning of the seventh of December. Every day it hurt so bad. It hurt to move. I couldn't raise up far enough to eat. We left there the seventh of December. They took me to Osaka Army Hospital in Japan. The Dr. was Captain Kenneth H. Roberts. I was talking to him and I said, "Doctor, do you believe in birthday presents?" He said, "I guess I do." I said well, "Tomorrow is my birthday and

I sure wish you would operate on this." He did. I was there for about seven weeks, a little less than two months.

They sent me home and what a trip that was. Once again we went out to the flight line and sure enough we got to wait outside, as in snow, cold and wind. I had been cooped up in that hospital for a month and a half. They loaded a bunch of us there and then they had to go to Tokyo to get some more, and by the time we got to Tokyo, I got pneumonia or the flu, I was sicker than a pup, but I didn't dare say anything because they would red-line me and keep me there.

So the next morning we get on the plane and head home and the first stop was Midway Island and it is close to the equator. The temperature at midnight was eighty degrees. My fever broke and I was so sick and so weak. That was a C-54, four engine job, it was a hospital ship, there wasn't even as much as a cup of coffee on that thing. We got to Midway and landed at a Navy base there, here comes the Navy again. (I hate the Navy.)

We could go to the mess hall and eat, but they wouldn't bring anything to us. I get up on my crutches and here I go to the mess hall. Guess what? Who would put a mess hall on the second floor? The US Navy, that's who.

I get in line and got my tray and my silverware and started through. I was so sick and weak, and I was blacking out and couldn't stop it. I grabbed the line there and collapsed across the serving line. There were two sailors right behind me and you'd think they would at least throw me over on the floor to get me out of the way, but they didn't, they just went around me. Just let me lay there. The flight nurse came over and got me and took me around the serving line, took a towel and cold water and bathed my head around and took me back to the plane. I never did get anything to eat.

The next stop was Tripler Hospital in Honolulu. We stayed there for three days. Coming into there, it was in the daylight and the pilot came on the squawk box and said, "For all that is interested, we are right now passing the White Sands of Waikiki." He tipped the wings a little so everyone could see. When we landed, that was an Army hospital there. A woman from the Hawaiian USO came on the plane and told us what we could expect; that we would be there for three days and every afternoon the Hawaiian USO would come in and put on a program. I was so sick I could have cared less.

That bay, or ward, or whatever it was called had four rows of beds with a big aisle down the middle and my bed was right next to the aisle. That afternoon I was asleep and I don't know what woke me up because it was ultra quiet in that room, something did and I opened my eyes and standing right there in front of me was two of the cutest little hula gals you've ever seen. I thought, "Oh, God, I died, this is it, Hall!" About that time a big Hawaiian woman, she was playing a Martin guitar and she started thumping on that darn thing, so I opened my eyes and realized, "Oh, shucks, I'm not dead after all."

We were there for three days, left there, and landed the next time in Fairfield Susun Air Force Base in California. That's where we were given the choice of what base we wanted to go to. I chose Lowry Air Force Base in Denver. We landed there, but I guess that place was full. We stayed there overnight. The next morning they came got me and another guy up at 4 o'clock, 'course the mess hall isn't open, and by 5 o'clock we are on the airplane again and headed for Cheyenne. You would have thought those two lieutenants could have dropped us off in

Cheyenne and then went on to South Dakota, but no, they didn't do that, we had to go to South Dakota first. Landed at that base up there and them two damn guys, that was a C-247, two engine job, they were standing off the plane there with the door wide open and South Dakota and Wyoming, you got wind and snow and cold, and they have to stand right in that door and do their visiting with the door wide open. Well, they finally got us back down. The nastiest part is yet to come. Frances C. Warren Air Force Base doesn't have a landing strip, they used the commercial one at the Cheyenne airport.

KI: Why did they decide you had to go to Cheyenne?

Wayne: 'Cause that's where they assigned me. When we landed and got down on the ground, this little lieutenant nurse, a little, red-headed gal, she comes on the plane and she starts outlining — she was a wicked old gal—telling us what was going to happen, what we were going to do. Anyway, we got off the plane and into that meat wagon. I was talking to the driver and he took off and I said, "Let's do this right." He said, "what do you mean?" I says, "Let's have the lights and the siren too." That made the nurse mad at me.

We get out to the base and that particular part of admissions—we got there straight up noon—is closed from noon till one. Don't ask me why. It was three o'clock before they got us. Anyway we are going down this long corridor, they are pushing me in a wheelchair down this long corridor, and right at the end is where we're headed. We got down to that door and right over the top of the door it said "VD [venereal disease] Ward." I said, "Hold it right there, what are we doing here?" That little lieutenant said, "These are the only two beds available in this hospital." I said, "I would rather be outside in a tent." She said, "You keep it up, and you will be." I said, "Where is the tent?" We just barely get in the room and I said, "Lieutenant, is there any possible way you could get me sent back to Japan?" She said, "Don't I wish." It went downhill from there.

We didn't expect a brass band, nor a tickertape parade, or anything like that, but we didn't expect to be treated like trash either. That happened up there. They had no use whatever, well, I can't say that, they did have some use for the GI's there in Cheyenne. They liked our money. Other than that, we weren't very high-class citizens. We had a hard time getting insurance for our car there.

KI: How long were you in Cheyenne? Did Jackie come up?

Wayne: About a year; Jackie came about two weeks after I arrived there. I'll tell you about that.

KI: You haven't even told me you were married yet. Sometime before you went to Korea you must have married Jackie.

Wayne: Yes. I'll get to the end of Cheyenne then I'll get to that.

We got married shortly before I went to the Far East on "that cruise." When I got to Cheyenne, I called and let her know where I was at. 'Course, here she come. I can see it now and I get just as mad about it now as I did then. There goes my young wife into the admissions office to find her husband: "Oh, ah, he's up there on the VD ward."

I was stationed there in San Antonio for a couple of years, and they sent me on temporary duty up to Fort Belford, Virginia, there by Washington D.C. These are the times I got to meet my wife. She lived in Virginia. After I got down to San Antonio at Lackland Air Force Base, I had orders cut for a thirty-day leave, and I was going back to Virginia to get her and we would be married.

Well, somebody had different ideas and they canceled that, and that's when they sent me on that damn cruise. So I called her and told her what had happened and I said, "Maybe we just better call it off till I get back." Jackie talked with her mother and she wanted to come to San Antonio, but she didn't know if she should or not. Jackie told her mother, "There is a good chance he won't come back." Jackie's mother was one of those, what can I say, "charming Southern women" that everybody would like to have for a mother-in-law. When Jackie said, "There is a pretty good chance he won't come back," she said, "Child, that young man will be back before you know it." Sure enough, I was. I was only gone for a little over six months.

Anyway, Jackie decided she would come to San Antonio, but her mother wouldn't let her travel down there alone, so her sister came with her, just younger than her. Jackie was nineteen and her sister was just coming eighteen.

They got down there; we went to the courthouse and got our marriage licence, then had to get our blood test. The guy gave me the paper to fill out, and I done that and handed it back to him. He's looking it over and he gets down to religious preference. Well, I had wrote Mormon on there. He looked at me and he looked at those two girls, looked back at me and said, "Are you going to marry both of them?" I looked at them and looked back at him and said, "Why not?" He said, "It works for me." 'Course I didn't. We got a kick out it, the whole family has.

That was rather an ironic thing. Kids will do the dumbest things and I'm the champion of pulling the biggest boners. There we were. We headed out of there. Okay, I'm headed for Camp Stoneman, California, and her home is in Virginia, 3,000 long miles away, yet there we were in that little car, headed west knowing full well that she has to turn right around and she'll go one way and I'll go another. Before we ended up, I don't know, 8,000 or 9,000 miles. With all that there were grand, grand times.

The things we got to pass in Japan, got to pass through a place where that first atomic bomb was dropped at Hiroshima, stayed at a base there that was a base for the Kamikaze, those suicide pilots during World War II. They had a U-shaped barracks there and in the middle of the U they had a garden that was shaped like the Rising Sun. Those pilots would march up to the second floor of those barracks, and they would stand there and witness their funeral. Then they'd go down the stairs and march out the Rays of the Suns, get in their airplane, and of course, they would never come back. That was interesting.

One of the things I like to remember, okay, I was a section leader of our crane operators in Korea. Some of those guys were very resentful for being there. We had natives working there for us. Each crane operator had five Koreans working for him. There was a guy from LeGrande, Oregon, named Wayland Wells, he and I were best friends. We got more work done, we could receive and ship more ammunition and bombs, than all those guys put together, because when we'd first go on shift, we would go to each one of our little natives and give him a Lucky Strike cigarette, every time we done. Okay, when we got done smoking a cigarette, we didn't throw the butt away because the little butt was just big enough to fit in those little, tiny pipes they smoked.

In doing that, those guys would do anything for you. They would work their hearts out. But the guys that didn't do that or mistreated them, they couldn't hardly get them to load a truck. It was interesting. All those guys were doing was saying, "I just want you to treat me like you would like to be treated." And they did. I couldn't tell you I got so I loved those Koreans 'cause I didn't, but I really liked them. They were good to me and I'd like to feel like I was good to them.

KI: So you met Jackie, then she stayed with her mother while you were in Korea, I assume. Then when you got to Cheyenne, that is the first time she was with you? You were stationed together in Cheyenne?

Wayne: Yes. She got on the train after I got where I was going to be, and to Cheyenne she comes. At the train station in Cheyenne, it looked right up Capital Boulevard, right in the front door of the state capital. When Jackie got there it was wintertime, cold and nasty, 'course the wind is always blowing. She said, "I stepped out the door of the train station and blowing right down Capital Avenue was tumbleweeds and dirt and dust. I thought, 'What am I doing here!'" She said, "I was tempted to get right back on the train and go back."

We stayed there and eventually ended up getting back here. I got discharged there. I had all kinds of big plans. I was going to go to California and become a bricklayer and that wasn't a good choice. I was going to go to Idaho and be a spud farmer and that wasn't a good choice either.

KI: What year was it that you left the service?

Wayne: 18 January 1954. Sometime early 1956 we got back here and there wasn't much in the way of jobs. One of the things that has been very enjoyable and has been a real big part of my life has been the music. I got to tell you right now I have never, nor will I ever, tell you it was that good because I have ears and I can hear, but somebody liked it.

I had a radio program; it was sponsored by Ashley Valley Appliance and Sport Shop, that was Bob and Beverly Williams. Over a period of years I got to play my guitar and sing. I got to meet some of the best people. One of the best ones of all was Jim Reeves. There was George Jones, Lefty Frizzell, Little Jimmy Dickens, Wanda Jackson. There was a lot of them I got to meet throughout the years on doing that. That was on KVEL right after they changed from KJAM. The studio was in the bottom of the Hotel Vernal.

Jim Reeves came to town. Orville Hullinger promoted a show and dance and Jim Reeves come. Orville had me pick Jim up at the airport; I did that. He come and had supper with us. He told some of the things he was doing and I told him I had that radio program and it was live. That was so little and insignificant, I'm sure he could care less about it. After the dance I took him back to his room in the Hotel Vernal. The next morning, that radio program, it seemed like it was 6:30 to 7:00 a.m. or something like that, and when I got there to the radio station, there he sat. His plane wasn't due for I don't know how long, but I said, "You're up a little early, aren't you?"

"Oh," he said, "didn't you tell me you had a radio program to do here pretty quick? How 'bout letting me help?" He's asking me??? And he did.

One of the sad parts about it, KVEL had that taped for the longest time, I didn't get a copy of it and why I didn't, I have no idea, just dumb. When they moved from that studio to

where they are now, one of those guys saw it and threw it away. That's grounds for murder, or close to it. He wasn't a country fan, I'm sure of that. By now Jim Reeves is long gone.

I'm sure it was 1956 when we moved back here. If I remember right, my first job was out at Bonanza and I hated that because the black stuff was just everyplace. I didn't stay long.

KI: That "black stuff" was Gilsonite, right?

Wayne: Yes. But you took jobs where you could get them. I helped build houses for Ashton Brothers, cut timber, worked for farmers.

KI: Why were you cutting timber? Were they selling it and using it for lumber?

Wayne: Thomas had a sawmill there in Dry Fork. They made a lot of lumber up there. They were cutting mine props. Ray and Max Hunting used to haul mine props from here to Price. But doing about any kind of jobs you could find. Oh, 1956 or '57 I worked for Ken Snow in that Texaco service station on west Main Street there. After that I leased a Mobil station where that IGA store sits right now [575 West Main]. That was in 1959 and '60. It took me about two years to lose my shirt up there. Rates of success in those service stations wasn't very good.

I left there and went to work for Forest Service over the mountain in Dutch John for about three years. What a grand thing that was. I had been over a lot of these mountains, as a kid, growing up. That job allowed me to become extremely familiar with that North Slope. That was a real good job for me. I learned a lot of history of our country around here. The people that had been here and the places they had been. Both the good guys and bad guys.

KI: What did you do for the Forest Service?

Wayne: I run a backhoe and a little bulldozer. My chief job, this is real exciting, my chief job was to maintain the sanitary landfills, which is a dump. But I liked that because so much of the time I'd be back in the timber and you could shut the machine off and the silence was almost deafening. It sounded so good. Pretty quick the silence would be broken by a woodpecker hammering on a tree or the birds singing or something like that. Then something that was rather unpleasant was to have a jet plane fly over and destroy the serenity of the mountains.

KI: You worked there for three years all year round or seasonal?

Wayne: It was seasonal, I worked ten months a year, they wouldn't let us work full time. But in that time we built roads, trails, installed a lot of the toilets up there from Sheep Creek clear down to Little Hole and beyond. I can't remember just how far east or west we went but it was all over the north side of mountains up there.

We did quite a bit of research on that Carter Military Road while we were up there. That is a very interesting history. In doing that, there is a freight wagon over to Fort Bridger right now, as you go in, on the north side of the road, there is that shed that has wagons in there. That one great big old wagon that's in there belonged to my great-granddad, his name was Dexter

Cole. I don't know what it says now, [but] the last time I was up there it said something about "belonged to part of the Carter organization." That's not true at all. It didn't belong to him, it belonged to Dexter Cole. He hauled freight from probably Fort Bridger up to Carter, Wyoming, to the Dyer Mine, up here. But that road up there, in so many places, like up Birch Creek, was so muddy, the mud was *so* deep. One time he got stuck so bad he just unhooked his team and drove off and left that wagon setting there. Some years later some other guys came along and managed to pull it out, clean it up, and reclaim it and put in that museum over there. I'm glad they did, I just wish the history was on it and tell it like it was.

An interesting thing I have found up there at Fort Bridger, too, is that little cemetery there. The graves in it are running north and south. I don't know why they are running north and south, just that they are. The few times I have got to visit there, no one seems to know why they are north and south.

I got to learn about that little ghost town up there, Piedmont, that is west of Fort Bridger about fifteen miles. It has quite a history about it. I will touch on it quick. Union Pacific Railroad was one of the most vicious, them and the Central Pacific was two of the most vicious companies in the history of the United States. What they would do was to hire men to build this section of road and we'll pay you when the job's done. But when they got the job done, well the paymaster hasn't arrived yet. In other words, they didn't get paid.

The railroad was nearing completion and there was about 300 railroad workers there at Piedmont; there was a Dr. Durrant, they called him a financial wizard. Well, he was that, too, but that was just a nice way to say he would steal any amount of money; no amount was too great or too small. And so he did and he was good at it. It was these people, not only these people, but the stockholders, he was getting to.

But anyway, he's coming west with some of the other dignitaries to join in the festivities at Promontory, Utah. Well, when they got to Piedmont those builders knew this was the end of the road and they hadn't got paid. So they blocked the railroad. Some of this is my kind of view, like it happened this morning.

They stopped that train and Durrant throws a fit and says, "Do you know who I am?" And this old Irish foreman, he stands about 6' 2", and [has] a .245. He walked up there; he says, "Yeah, we know who you are, you're the paymaster." "No, I'm not." "Yes, you are now. These men will be paid, they will be paid in cash. They will be paid in full before this train moves."

Depending on the legend you choose to believe, Union Pacific Railroad had to deliver to Piedmont, Wyoming, between two and five hundred thousand dollars before the train moved. That delayed the driving of the golden spike for three days. There is a lot more that goes into the story than that, but [it's] basically what happened. But that was just some of the things we got into learning the history of the Carter Military Road, how it came across the mountain and down to Fort Thornburg, which is the bottom of Dry Fork Canyon. Course the road that went from there to Fort Duchesne and the people over there. It's just been a wonderful time learning of these times and places.

A guy was telling me the other day, he had been down Nine Mile Canyon, and asked me if I knew a Josh Hall. I said yeah, and I told him about it. He said, "You know, down Nine Mile Canyon there on one of those rocks, it looks like it might have been wrote there with wagon grease, there is a name of Josh Hall and Jeff Hall." Jeff is my granddad. Yes, they hauled freight too.

A couple of years ago I got to snooping around and found where that old store of Hen Lee's was, down here at Halfway Hollow. That's a good story.

You know, hauling that freight, that had to be a rough, tough, hard job. I think a lot of time those guys had to walk alongside the wagon. They weren't spring-loaded or anything like that. I'm sure they had sheep hides on the wagon seats. But when it rained, it rained, and when it snowed, it snowed and there wasn't no windshield. It's a different time. What can I say? It is just a wonderful, wonderful country. In my view, when the Lord was putting all these things together, when he got to Ashley Valley, he got it right. I love the four seasons, the changing seasons. There's just not much about Ashley Valley I don't like.

KI: Let's go back a little bit. When you first moved back here, where did you and Jackie live? Did you move around a lot?

Wayne: No, not a lot. Okay, we bought a little house up there on Ashton Way, it's about 13<sup>th</sup> West and 300 or 400 North. That's when we had the service station. Then we ended up with that place in Maeser. It was 9<sup>th</sup> North and 2500 West, just north of the Maeser Store about three-eighths of a mile.

You know, we bought that little place and that was about the best place, that was one of the best little places in this whole valley. We had a few acres there. It was big enough to keep a few sheep and a horse, had a milk cow for a while, raised a big garden, built a big shop. But you know, we spent forty years building memories.

One of our choice times there was one of our home teachers, he was quite a guy, was grossly over weight, he came to our place for about ten years, John Harding, the beer man. He didn't do it a lot, but he liked to flaunt his riches. I think that's one of the reasons he liked to come up home because he knew he could and I wouldn't get mad. I really didn't care how much he had.

This one day when he came, I was out to the garden and John came waddling out there and we looked things over. The corn was on, the tomatoes were ripe, the lambs were big. We talked about all of that, talked about the old horse, then we wandered back to the shop and sat there and visited. Finally, John said, "I'd give anything in the world if I could live like you do." I laughed at him and said, "John, with the money you've got you can live any damn way you want to." John said, "No, what you've got, money can't buy." I've thought about that a lot of times. Who was richer?

After Mom [Jackie] left, it got harder and harder to take care of that place and I just couldn't, so I had to sell it and I got this little place downtown now.

KI: You raised your children there in Maeser?

Wayne: Yes, got the kids raised up there. Memories were made there.

KI: You didn't ever tell me when your kids were born.

Wayne: Okay, Don was born on 2 April 1954, Craig on 10 August 1956.

KI: After you worked in the Gilsonite and for the Forest Service, what other kind of jobs did you have?

Wayne: Okay, in 1960-61, I don't remember, a bunch of guys got together and built a bowling alley. That was a Safeway store to begin with and Tom Anderson was the spark plug that made that engine run. He hired me and sent me to Anaheim, California, to the Brunswick Automatic Pin-setter school. When I got back Tom told me, "Where this wood starts, that's where your job starts, it goes clear to the back of the building. If you can get your work done in two hours, you do it and get out of here. But if it takes eighteen hours, that's what it takes."

That's the way things were. You know, things went so well. We just barely got in operations, I think it was thirty-one days, and the darn thing caught fire and burned it to the ground. Burnt the whole thing down. We rebuilt it and added four more lanes. It was twelve to start, and I think there is sixteen now.

In the process of doing that, the Brunswick people were so impressed with the maintenance program that we had here that they used it as the guide to go by nationwide. At the time they allowed \$1.75 a month per machine for replacement parts and my costs were \$1.67, eight cents under. The people in other houses would say, "You can't do that!" And they'd refer them to here. "Well, how did you do that?" Well, all it amounted to was elbow grease and willingness to do it. I really liked those machines.

In the late '60's I got into the welding business and that was the good choice I made in my life. The oil boom had started over in the Neola, Altamont country. I worked as a welder's helper for a guy for a while, and then I was like so many of those other guys, I was working for \$3 an hour and the welder was getting \$10 and I thought I could I do just as much of that as he could. So, I got me a welding machine and a cutting torch and put it in the back of the pickup and went to work, for twenty-plus years. In the meantime I built that shop up home there. That was as good a little welding shop as there was in the whole world. Did lots and lots of work out of there. I see a lot of work, like oilfield bents I built for trucks, that I still see today.

But another thing I'm kind of proud of, too, is the flagpole at the Rock Point, the one at the Dry Fork, and the one at the Maeser Cemetery, I built all them and installed them. The one that's behind the Maeser Water office, that's right where the Maeser Chapel used to sit, I put that flagpole there, too. They are what I like to call "Hall Marks."

After I started having health problems and my vision was getting bad, I had to get out of the welding business. I got a system to put photographs on coffee mugs. I was fortunate enough to make a few decisions in my life and that was also one of them. It wasn't only fun and easy, but there was a couple of dollars to go right along with the stuff Jackie was doing.

Jackie was really a good artist. She liked to do those kind of things and she did. The two things just kind of went together. It made it so we worked together a lot. She bossed me a lot more. I liked that. I knew that there was going to be a good meal at the end of the day. She was really a good cook. What the hell, she was good at about whatever she wanted to do. She was quiet, timid and shy. Maybe that was better; we didn't argue much because she wouldn't argue; she would just shut up. That was hard to take. By doing that, it probably saved a lot of ill feelings over the years.

KI: How long were you married when she passed away?

Wayne: Forty-five and a half years. She passed away the first of February 1998. This will be six Christmases. Sometimes it seems like such a long time ago and yet other times it has been such a short time. I can't decide which is which.

I have to keep busy, like putting my stuff on that computer or something, to keep from going crazy.

[Begin tape 360, second of a series done with Wayne Hall. Interviewed by Kathi Irving January 9, 2004 at his home.]

KI: Wayne, tell me about your grandparents.

Wayne: I'm Wayne, my dad was Emmett Hall, my granddad was Iowa Jefferson Hall, my great-granddad was Iowa Alfred Hall, and my great-great-granddad was Joshua Chellus Hall.

KI: Okay. You can start with Iowa.

Wayne: Iowa Jefferson, the first I can remember of him was the last of the sheep herding days. There used to be tens of thousands of sheep in this country. He was a very professional sheep herder. Cal Jorgensen, who had something to do with the range and the mountains and I don't know what all, but he was a speaker at Granddad's funeral and he said, "Jeff Hall knows these mountains better than any man alive." I can well believe he did. He knew where the water was; he knew how to handle the sheep in the mountains.

KI: Was it one particular place where he had his sheep or was it a lot of places?

Wayne: It was all the way from the badlands in the Book Cliffs clear to the top of the Baldies. Grandpa blazed the trail that went from Diamond Mountain clear up into the Baldies. That was the trail that was used for many years by the sheep men that went up into that country. They would winter in the badlands in the Book Cliff area, then in the spring they would head for the Baldies. He used to camp quite a lot around Iron Springs. There is a tree up there right now that's got his name cut on it, we kind of call it our tree. It has "Jeff Hall, 1941." It's not that old but anyway, that's Grandpa's tree.

KI: You told me he knew a few outlaws in his day.

Wayne: He did. He was quite friendly with nearly all those guys. He could tell you stories about them. He told stories about—you might go out and find your saddle horse and it was replaced with one that looked like it had been rode hard and put away wet. You probably knew who got it, and if you were careful and looked in the grain bucket, you'd probably find some money. If they stayed for dinner, probably more times than not, there would be money under the plate when Grandma went to clear up the table. I lived with the idea that a lot of those guys, Butch Cassidy, Elza Lay, and those guys, they weren't all that bad of guys, they robbed banks and trains,

perhaps more for the sport than anything else, just to see if they could get away with it.

After Grandpa's sheep herding days, he went to work for the—I don't know if it was for the Bureau of Reclamation—he lived down where they had that old CCC camp. He was the caretaker there for a long time.

KI: Why did he stop herding sheep?

Wayne: I've never thought about that. I don't know.

KI: Do you know when it might have been?

Wayne: He would have stopped herding sheep probably in the mid-1940s. Mr. Jorgensen gave him that job taking care of that old CCC camp. It probably paid better, and he was home more.

KI: This was the CCC camp where the National Guard Armory is now?

Wayne: That's correct. There was quite a complex down there. They kept a lot of stuff there. I don't know that they done much, most of the stuff was gone after World War II broke out. There were several of those CCC camps around on the mountains up here. They built canals, little reservoirs, fences, that sort of thing, developing the rangelands on the mountain. They did a good job.

KI: Your grandma, what did she do? What was her name?

Wayne: It was Mindwell Adams. She was born in Salt Lake. I don't remember the history of them getting out here. Grandma was a real quiet woman. There were things about her that I remember quite well that used to tickle me to death. First of all, in her house, all the time, there were some of those cookies in the cookie jar. Rarely did she ever offer one of those cookies to us kids. She would be offended if we didn't go to the cookie jar and get a cookie. They were so good. When Grandpa was home, Grandma had his dinner at twelve o'clock, not ten after twelve, nor quarter to twelve, but at twelve o'clock Grandpa better be sitting there at the table because his dinner was there, and it was hot, and he better eat it.

Another thing I like to remember about it, she always made sure he had everything he needed before she sat down at the table. One of the things was his coffee. I got a story I like to tell about drinking coffee. Our family, I pour coffee, I put the trimmings in, I take the spoon out, and I drink coffee out of the cup. But Dad, when he drank coffee, he poured the coffee in, he put the sugar and cream in, he'd stir it, but he would leave the spoon in the cup. That way he had to hang his thumb up over the cup to keep from sticking the spoon in his nose or his eye. Grandpa Hall, when he sat at Grandma's table, they had cups and saucers. 'Course, they boiled the coffee, it wasn't in a coffee maker, it was very hot. Grandpa took no cream or sugar in his coffee. She would pour some of that coffee into a saucer then blow it cool enough that he could drink it. So Grandpa's coffee, when he sat down to the table, it was poured, sauced and blowed. It was interesting to watch them.

Then there was my Grandpa Wilcoxson, my mother's dad. He had a real heavy

moustache and his coffee, too, was just as hot and black as it could be. He would take it in the saucer and when he finished drinking, he would take his finger and at the top of his moustache, he would squeeze it down against his lips and catch the coffee that came out with his bottom lip. I couldn't stand to watch him do that, but he liked it, and that was the way he drank coffee.

KI: Where did your Grandparents Hall live?

Wayne: There were several places they lived. The first one was down here about 6<sup>th</sup> East and Main Street in a log house on the north side of the road. That was the first one I remember them living in. Then they moved uptown; there was a very elegant house on West Main Street. There was a woman doctor here and her name was Doctor O'Donnell. She must have left by the time I came along because Grandma and Grandpa rented that house around 1934 or '35, something like that. They lived there for a while, then they bought a house over on Second South, right across the street north from Central School. Grandma ran kind of a boarding house there.

One of the boarders that stayed there, that I remember, was a man named Lee Craig. He had been a soldier in World War I and had been gassed and couldn't get around very well, but he was a very talented artist. He drew a lot of good pictures. He was good with graphite and he made things look so real. I didn't know it at the time, and I'm not sure it's entirely true, but I have seen or read that before that time Lee Craig had a place over in Brown's Park. Whether that's true or not, I don't know.

KI: Do you think he was local and just living there so he wasn't living on his own? Or was he a traveler?

Wayne: He couldn't take care of himself, he'd just rent and board there.

Then they left there and went down to the CCC camp. Grandma and Grandpa lived there for a few years, then they bought a little house on West Main Street, where they lived several years. I was going to say many but it wasn't many, because Grandpa died on the fifth of May 1960. Anyway, it was a little white, one-and-a-half story house. The last house they lived in.

KI: Did they always live in town, not out where they kept sheep on a ranch?

Wayne: Not after Grandpa quit herding sheep.

KI: So the places you told me about were all after he quit herding sheep?

Wayne: Yes.

KI: When he was herding sheep, where did they live?

Wayne: Okay, they lived up Dry Fork. Don't know just when they moved from there down to the valley. My dad was born in 1907, April 30, 1907, at, they called it the old Almy Preece place, out north on 5<sup>th</sup> West, it was across Ashley Creek. It seemed like Aunt Mada was born in over in Glines Ward, I just can't tell you.

He was herding sheep for someone else, but he keep a few around and, of course, horses and I'm sure a milk cow or whatever.

I want to touch on something else, too. In about 1908 there was a group of businessmen here that were interested in developing and upgrading the horse flesh in the Basin and they bought two big Belgian horses, a stallion and a mare. Their names were Siegbert and Annabelle. We have pictures of Grandpa and them horses; they were huge horses.

They hired Grandpa to take care of those horses, how long he done that, I don't know. I've heard some of my aunts tell about he had a little two-wheel cart that he would take them for a ride in. He'd ride that thing around town. Grandpa was really good with livestock. He was a good horse trainer, he was good with cattle, especially good with sheep.

KI: These sheep he took care of, he didn't own them, he was taking care of them for someone else?

Wayne: No. Most of the time, I'd hazard a guess that they probably belonged to John S. Hacking.

John was a brother-in-law. John was married to Grandpa's sister. There is no doubt in my mind that Grandpa herded sheep for someone else also, but John S. Hacking was one of them.

After the CCC camp, Grandpa kind of retired; he was getting along in years. It was a thrill to me: I had a service station up on 6<sup>th</sup> West and Main Street and it was only a couple of blocks from Grandma and Grandpa's house, and Grandpa would come down and sit around and talk. He just loved to talk and tell stories. He told of different ways that he knew of ,where some of the livestock people, how they got their start in the livestock business. He was pretty familiar with them. It was quite interesting to hear him tell about some of the people.

I'm not saying they were not fiercely good people, but it was kind of like this: it really didn't make too much difference. If you were to say you were in the cow business, you could be fiercely honest in all other ways, but if you were going to stay in the cow business or the sheep business, you had to be able to steal back as many as had been stolen from you or you're out of business. That was just the way it was. It was kind of a law of the range: never eat your own beef, but don't caught eating your neighbor's beef either. That's kind of the way it was. I never did understand why my Granddad didn't.

I'll say this about him, in all due respect, it seems like he kind of rode the fence. At times he was kind of an outlaw, and other times he was kind of an in-law, so maybe Grandma kept him in check. She was pretty stern. When she talked, she meant what she said.

KI: How about your other grandparents, your mothers' parents? Were they here?

Wayne: My other grandparents, my mother's mother and dad, Wilcoxson, John Franklin Wilcoxson was his name. That family was a Scottish family, and when that family immigrated to this country they came from Glasgow, Scotland. When they came to this country, they didn't really care where they settled as long as it was Glasgow, that's why they settled in Glasgow, Kentucky. From there they went down into the Carolinas. I have a picture here that was taken in 1975 of a log home that my however many great-grandpa built.

Anyway Grandpa left home when he was a young man. He ended up down around Galveston, Texas, working on a railroad. He got hurt; he was just a young man when that

happened, hurt his leg somehow, I never did know the story on it, but he limped from that time on.

He married Kitty Ford, that's my grandmother. Kitty Ford Wilcoxson.

Grandpa wasn't one to let the grass grow under his feet; he always had itchy feet. He had to go see what was on the other side of the hill. Had kind of a large family, there wasn't any two of them born in the same town. Two of them were born in Texas, one in Oklahoma, two in Colorado, one of them was my mother, she was born in Boulder. The last child was born in Loveland, Colorado. I don't know the story why they immigrated to where they did.

Grandpa was a good farmer, he was good at working with his hands. He just couldn't stay in one place very long. In 1928, I think it was a company named Strong and Grant, had a contract to build the road between McKee Draw and Glendale. That's when they were improving the road so the people on the north side of the state could travel to Vernal easier.

I don't know when Daggett County was formed, but it had to be somewhere around that time, maybe a little earlier. Anyway, Fred Feltch sub-contracted from Strong and Grant to build that road and he hired my grandpa to work for him. The spring of 1928, Grandpa built that little store in McKee Draw. He had in there candy and nuts, but also he had canned goods, like beans, tomatoes, probably side pork. He had a little building to the side where he kept a barrel of gasoline, probably some kerosene, oats, and hay, and that kind of stuff. My mother told me he had a ninety-nine-year lease on ten acres of ground there. Whether that was entirely true, I don't know. It gets a little interesting on that store.

This one guy told me he remembered that store being there, that he used to go there and get whiskey from him. I rebelled a little bit about that. That store was built in 1928 and this guy was a 1920 vintage guy. I said, "Well, let me tell you, Grandpa probably wasn't the best guy in town, but if you got whiskey from him, you stole it." In the second place, in talking with my mother, my aunt, and my uncle, all three of them said they didn't think he had whiskey there because he didn't drink. I don't think Grandpa had whiskey there.

There was a couple of guys named Hanks that had that store after Grandpa, that did sell whiskey. The Hanks', that was their primary reason for being there, was selling bootleg whiskey. The forest cancelled the lease and the store was torn down and hauled off the mountain on a Hammond truck that belonged to Fred Feltch, and it was reassembled out in Ashley Ward. That store then was run by a Mrs. Lebeau.

My grandmother died a year or so before I was born, I didn't know much about her. I didn't know much, really, about Grandpa Wilcoxson, he didn't talk much about himself, kind of a quiet guy.

KI: When he got here to the Vernal area he just stayed, he didn't move out again?

Wayne: No, he didn't move out again. He got so he had epileptic seizures and the only one that was capable of taking care of him was his oldest son, Frank, that lived over by Rifle, Colorado. There was an old folks' home in Glenwood Springs, so he come, and got Grandpa, and took him over there, and that's where he died in 1949, May 5, 1949. I was eighteen coming nineteen when Grandpa Wilcoxson died. He died in May, and I would have been nineteen in December.

KI: Tell me about your parents.

Wayne: Where can I start there? Well, my earliest recollection was December 8, 1930. [Laughs] Dad had built a little log house down the lane, just off Main Street on 650 East on the north side of the road, just down the lane from where my grandmother and granddad lived. Our oldest brother, Gratton, Duane and I, Weldon, my next brother, Dennis, the next brother, all five of us, were born in that house. There was no doctor, always a midwife. That was a pretty good place. It was close to modern. We had a well outside and an old pump and a bucket hanging there, then set it on a stand, and a tin cup to drink out of and a wash pan to the side of it.

We had chickens, milk cow, rabbits. People did a lot of things trying to make money at that time, that I'll never forget. Dad got taken by a couple of them.

One of them was raising rabbit fur from pure white Angora rabbits. Well, he built the best rabbit pens I have ever seen. The story, and it was quite true, underneath them rabbit pens was the best place there is to raise angle worms for fishing. So you could sell the worms. Rabbit-manure droppings, according the *Prevention Magazine*, is the most well-balanced natural fertilizer there is. So that was good. The blood from the rabbit is the best houseplant food you can use. I'm just taking this from *Prevention Magazine*.

Anyway, he got these rabbits and we're in the rabbit business. One thing he didn't take into consideration was shearing them rabbits. Now that is a chore. I don't think electric clippers had been invented at the time. They were those old hand-operated clippers, and my mother would have to try and hold those rabbits while Dad sheared them. There was rabbit hair in our ears, nose, eyes, mouth and everything. I think they sheared two, that was all, that ended the rabbit fur business. We went into the rabbit fryer business then.

Dad did, though, he got into making clay flowerpots. I have, right now, one of those pots he made. I don't remember how he done that, but he had a little seat outfit that he sat on and peddled it to make that pot.

KI: A potter's wheel.

Wayne: I guess that's right. There is one of those pots left. Well, it isn't right here. It's up to my oldest boy's house. That pot would have been made about 1933 or 1934, so it would be about seventy years old and there's not a crack in it. It was made out of cement. In doing that he also made tombstones. I don't know how he done that cement, but he made one for Grandma Wilcoxson and my Aunt Mary. She was the youngest of my mother's sisters and she died about 1929. Her and Grandma Wilcoxson was buried out there, and some of the Adams family, up in the Dry Fork Cemetery. Dad made the gravestone markers for them. I don't think to this day there is a crack in that cement. I don't know how he did that to keep from cracking, a very good job. The only thing with those pots and grave markers, nobody had any money. So it was kind of, well, there wasn't any money.

KI: What did your Dad do for jobs?

Wayne: Dad was quite a coal miner and a sheep shearer. He was as good and fast a sheep shearer as in those whole country. I'll tell you why I say that. A couple of years there was a Australian

company that came through and they sheared sheep year around. In the spring and early summer they were in this country, then when they got done, they'd go from here to the Canada border. When they got done they'd go back to Australia. By then it's getting spring down there, so they sheared sheep year around. You had to be able to sheer X number of sheep to hire on with them. Dad could. I don't know of any other native people that ever worked for them. There may have been some guys that could shear as many as Dad did, but there certainly wasn't very many of them could.

That was a steady job and there just wasn't steady jobs at the time. That was a hard work job. Dad was always either first or second under the gun, which means, first under the gun is the shearer that is nearest to the sacker. They had to have him there to keep the wool out of his way so he could keep working. He went with them clear to Canada. 'Course when they got done there, he come back home. He would go to mining coal.

KI: Where?

Wayne: He worked in Coal Mine Basin, northwest of the valley here. The Helco Mine, Wardle Mine, Pack Mine. The names escape me now. He also had a mine in the northeast of here. Go up the Mail Draw and drop down in that valley. That was a good coal mine. The vein was nine feet thick so you could stand up and work. This one in the Coal Mine Basin wasn't that way. It seems like to me it was like four and a half, maybe five feet thick, so you couldn't stand up in it to work, and there again, it was a hard, hard work job. He worked that for a long time.

In his latter years he went to work for the State Road Department. He was a surveyor, civil engineer, several years before he retired. He run the transit when they were making the Cart Creek Bridge. He run the transit for the alignment of the bridge across Starvation Reservoir.

There is a story I like to repeat about him. A lot of times they'll survey a project like that a half a dozen times, I don't know why, I'm not familiar with that kind of work. Anyhow, they had Dad run the transit and somebody disagreed with it or something, I don't know, anyway they decided to resurvey it.

Dad's boss told him, "Mutt, I want you on the gun." Dad said no. He said, "What do you mean no?" Dad said, "Look, I run that transit once and that's as good as I can do, let somebody else run it." He wouldn't run it again. They had another crew do it and in the report it said, "We hit every one of Mutt's shots flat." Which means they were exactly where they were supposed to be. Dad said, "That's baloney. You don't do that. Surveying just don't work that way. You can't hit all of them like that." He was kind of argumentative at times.

KI: What did they call him, his nickname?

Wayne: Mutt. His name was Emmett so they shortened up to Mutt. To a lot of people he was Mutt, but to his family he was Emmett, Emmett A. Then he retired from the State and just puttered around his little old place there in Maeser, 2500 West, north of the store about three-eighths of a mile. He kept a nice lawn and flowers.

KI: You went to school at Central, too, didn't you?

Wayne: I went to school at Central [until] the fifth grade, two weeks in the fifth grade. Then we moved to Maeser - Ashley, that was just across the fence from my great-uncle Orson Hall. My grandad's brother. I went to Maeser School through the eighth grade there, then on to high school here. And that place we lived, there were two of them. We were only there by Uncle Orson maybe a year and a half.

We moved over to what we called the Toles Place, over against the hill; that's right where the chapel is now. Those hills, just north of that chapel, I'm sure, are a foot and a half shorter than they were originally, we run those hills ragged. There was nothing more fun than going up on those hills and tromping around looking for arrowheads or whatever you could find, chasing rabbits. It was a good place for kids to wear off a lot of energy. We did that.

It was a good place. It had a good peach orchard. It had two of the biggest apricot trees I have ever seen. There were mulberry trees, apple trees, cherry trees. This is one I got to tell you.

One time in the early '30s, my grandad found some Indian corn in a cave up in Dry Fork. It was when he lived over here on Main Street. He planted that corn and some of it grew tall and some of it didn't. Whether it was different kinds of corn, I don't know, but it was that colored corn anyway. My dad got ahold of some of it and when we were out on the Toles Place, Duane and I was the ones that was doing the plowing and the planting that one spring. We planted the popcorn and there was a lane went up to the corrals in between and then we planted two rows of that Indian corn. That fall, when that popcorn matured, those kernels were just as pretty pink as you could imagine. They apparently cross-pollinated with that Indian corn. It popped white, but the kernels themselves were just as pink as could be. We have long since lost that corn. But it was interesting that it would cross like that.

KI: What did you do with the colored corn you planted? Did you try to eat it?

Wayne: Yes and no. There was no way you could eat it. It was as hard as a rock. That's why so many Indians' teeth were ground off to the gums from trying to eat that stuff. That's why they had the grindstone, to try to grind that stuff up so they could eat it. It was very, very hard. I doubt you could boil it enough to eat it. It was used more for decoration than anything else, it was very colorful.

Dad liked to have that parched corn, take sweet and corn and put it in a skillet, put it on top of the stove and cook it till it would almost pop, then take it out and run it through a food grinder. Dad liked to put milk and a little sugar on it. I never did liked it. Dad liked it and called it parched corn.

KI: What did your mom do?

Wayne: She had a house full of kids. You know, I think I can remember down here in town when Dad bought the first washing machine that our mother had. What a blessing that was. She had a house full of young kids and a ton of dirty diapers, shirts, overalls, everything that went with it.

I think back on it now and I think what a tough job it was for her to care for a house full of kids like that. The amount of housework and kid care work just to keep everybody together. I'm sure by the time one meal was over with, the next one was in the planning stages. Cleaning house, taking time to go into the garden and sometimes she would have to cut wood for the stove, get in a bucket of coal. Women had a tough, tough job, of course, till us kids got a little

bigger. Sometimes when Dad wasn't home yet, our mother would have to go milk the cow, feed the pigs and the chickens. I marvel at how well she did to keep the kids clean and fed.

There ended up being six boys and one girl, kind of odd. In my family there was six boys and one girl. The girl was next to the last one; I was the second oldest. In my wife's family there was six girls and one boy; she was the second born and the boy was next to the youngest. Both of my grandads died on the fifth of May, not in the same year, and one of Jackie's grandads died on the fifth of May. Just a little oddity.

KI: Talking about your mom. We were talking today and I mentioned that I was interviewing more men than women. I said maybe the reason was that women in your age group stayed home and took care of the kids. They just didn't get out into society very much, they didn't have jobs. That's what your mom did, she stayed home and took care of you, didn't she?

Wayne: I think, too, Kathi, one of the reasons why, there were family get-togethers, particularly in the fall after the tomatoes and roasting ears were on. The family would get together where there would be thirty, forty, fifty people, and they'd make a big campfire and cook corn and that sort of thing. That was really a delightful gathering. The women looked forward to it in spite of the amount of work they had to go to, to help put it on. I guess I'm at an age now to realize how important it was for them to be able to get away from the house from time to time. Get away from the rigor of home.

The women did the wash and hung it on the line. There is nothing felt better than a white, starched shirt that had come off the line and had just been ironed. It felt so good and it smelled so good. At the same time that was a huge amount of work for somebody, too. That was a hard work time and everybody did it and there was no complaint. Just normal life.

KI: How old was your mother when she died?

Wayne: I'm going to guess she was around eighty years old. I should know that

KI: What did she do in her later years?

Wayne: Kind of visited from kid to kid, I guess. Just from one child's house to another. We had to put her in the Care Center up here, she got so she was losing it. She spent two or three years there. That's where she was when she passed away.

KI: When was that, do you remember?

Wayne: The eighties, probably the late '80's. My dad died in 1984, I imagine it was 1986 or '88. She was a good mother to us.

KI: Tell me when you were living in Maeser what kind of businesses you remember being there.

Wayne: Up there on the Maeser Corner, the oldest store I remember being there was Verdin

Johnson's store. That's the building on the northeast corner of that intersection right now. I'm sure Verdin Johnson built that; that white house right next door to it was his house. He was a man of some means. It was a general store, there was about everything you could think of in there.

Right straight across the street there was a little grocery store west, northwest corner on that intersection. There was just those two stores there for a long time. The first person that I can remember owning that store was a woman named Erma Fletcher. That was one of the grandest places in my memory, because this was something else that was a way of life. A lot of time on weekends Dad would load us three boys up in the old truck and take the .22 and we'd go hunting rabbits between Maeser and Lapoint. It seemed like we always stopped at that little store and Dad would get us a pair of those brown jersey gloves to wear and maybe a candy bar and a box of bullets.

That was probably a sporty thing, but at the same time it was a necessary thing because we ate a lot of wild meat. There wasn't a season on rabbits at that time; there was on pheasants, but that didn't make any difference. Everybody raised a pig or two and raised a beef and we did that, too. But if I was to weigh it out, we probably ate as much poached venison as we did all the rest of the meat. I'm not ashamed of that. We felt like it was being harvested and used in the manner it was intended to be used.

It wasn't like it is now. Hunting season was an exciting time for us. We prepared for it, looked forward to it. It was just a different thing to do to get away from the place, I guess. A good camp: we pitched a tent, had a little sheepherder stove to cook on. Had a big coffee pot that sat on the fire and always had hot coffee in it. That was a good deer camp. Now, good deer camps have a \$100,000 motor home, and 4-wheel all terrain outfit, and all rest of that kind of stuff. It's turned into a spectacle rather than a sport. I, for one, resent it. Hunters need to know what's it like to try to lift a pretty good-sized buck on his shoulders and take him up out of a deep wash. To take a 4-wheeler down in there and load it up, there is no challenge to that. It has made everything easy.

I'll never forget the last time I went hunting with my dad; he left early. I was working at the bowling alley at the time. He was over on Diamond someplace, I knew about where but not exactly. I got away from here about midnight and got to just about where he was at. I knew come morning I could find him, so I just threw my bedsprings out on the ground and put my bed on it and climbed in. The next morning there was about four inches of snow all over me and that bed. I remember very well the next morning. I opened my eyes and threw them covers back so I could look all around. I stood right straight up in bed and looked all over and I thought, "Boy, this is really fun, ain't it?" That was about 1960. It didn't take me long to find Dad and get some hot coffee.

KI: Let's talk about the Vernal business district you remember. Then you can tell me about law enforcement.

Wayne: You know, law enforcement is so much different now than it has ever been. There is different kinds of people and different kinds of crime. But I liked the old kind better. There used to be one sheriff and chief of police, one or maybe two highway patrolman. There was one game warden. I really can't remember any long-time deputy or a city marshal. They kind of come and

go. I guess there wasn't that much law enforcement that needed to be done. There were rowdy kids, but they handled them different. I think the first sheriff I can remember was Lafe Richardson. There was Emery Johnson, then Herb Snyder. Claudius Banks was chief of police, but he didn't come along till later.

I remember some of the little mischief us kids would get into, maybe downtown smoking and Sam Hatch would pick us up, and talk to us, and sometimes take us home. I remember very well one time. Sammy Hatch caught a couple of us drinking a can of beer and that was the worst thing you could possibly do. He took me home and said, "Next time I'm going in and wake your mother and dad up." That's all it took.

Of all the kids I ran around with, there a little mischief in all of us. Guys like Sam Hatch, Herb Snyder, they knew that. Morris Caldwell was chief of police a short time before Claudius Banks was and he knew that kind of stuff, too, and he knew how to get it out of a kid. "I don't want you doing this again." We wouldn't do it again, or at least not where he could catch us. We remembered if he did catch us again, we would pay the penalty for it. I really think that respect for law enforcement is a lot lower than it was when I was a youngster.

The only business that I can think of now that has the same name and the same family would be Showalter Motor. There might be one or two others but not very many. There are several businesses that have been here more than fifty years, but I think Showalter's was established in 1933.

KI: What about the 7-11?

Wayne: The 7-11. That was the same family. That was the Pig Stand. It was moved from South Vernal Avenue aways. Anyway, it got moved over there to be the Pig Stand. I can't be sure about this, but Fat Belcher remodeled that. That came during the oil boom right near the end of World War II. He must have leased that to a couple named Albert Dragus, I think he was a Greek. One of the reasons I remember him, I was just a youngster and I washed dishes there. They did everything right. They paid and they held out the income tax, but they forgot to do anything with it. When it came time and here come the boogie man, they left the country. I think that's when Fat took over again. I think it had a different name at that time, I'm not sure.

KI: I don't think so. Because it became the 7-11 really fast.

Wayne: That's when they put those 7-11 signs east, west and north of here. Yes, that's in the same family.

KI: And you worked there?

Wayne: Yes, I washed dishes there when I was probably twelve or thirteen years old. That was slave labor. Boy, there was a lot of dishes. Lots of roughnecks ate there. They did a flourishing business.

KI: What else was on Main Street?

Wayne: The Vernal Drug Store was the best congregating place there was.

KI: Was it open later at night?

Wayne: It seemed like it was open till ten or eleven, maybe till the show was out. [Ed. note: The drug store closed at 10 pm every night.] Kids would congregate there after school, have a soda or sundae or something like that. Andrea Allen [Williamson] made that stuff better than anybody else. She was very nice, there was never any rowdiness in there. She just knew how to handle kids. That was the favorite gather place for something like that.

As far as entertainment, the old Imperial Hall on 1<sup>st</sup> South and Vernal Avenue was the best place for a dance in the whole world because it had that springy floor.

KI: Did you ever skate there?

Wayne: Yes, I did. I don't remember there being an admission fee there. You had to rent your skates.

They tore that old building down and that was a sad thing to do. I think it was in better condition than they thought, somebody just wanted it out. I think it had to be one of those political things. There was that big cement slab on the south side where we skated. There were some nice dances at the Old Imperial Hall. That makes me think of my musical thing, too. The first artist I got to do a song with was in the Imperial Hall and that was Jimmy Dickens. Little Jimmy Dickens.

During that time, there was Doc's Beach north of Maeser. That was built by a man named Doc Hurst. I think he intended for a resort of some sort there. They poured that floor and built a wall around it and two huge fireplaces. I don't think he ever got it finished. I don't know much about the story on it. But I do remember when we were kids in Maeser we would walk up there and roller skate. They had dances up there, too, and lots of fist fights. Some of them guys would come with fightin' whiskey in them. There was a lot of live entertainment there.

KI: Was it local people that entertained there?

Wayne: A lot of them did. George Jones done a job up there in 1960. Lefty Frizzell did in 1960. The reason I say these guys is because I got to do songs with both those guys, too.

KI: What were they doing in Vernal?

Wayne: They were here under contract, to do a show and a dance.

KI: Is it because the highway went between Denver and Salt Lake and Vernal was on the highway?

Wayne: No. You had to book them in advance. There's a place called Jim Denny Artist Bureau in Nashville, Tennessee, and I got acquainted with them, and I would find out when somebody that we could afford was going through and [maybe] you could catch someone like Lefty Frizzell

going from Denver to Salt Lake and maybe we could catch them going through here on a week night. A week night with us was probably just as good as a weekend if we could get an artist like that. So that's what we did.

KI: Who's "we"?

Wayne: Well, Orville Hullinger did a lot of them. He's the guy that got Jim Reeves here. He was just a little independent promoter. That was kind of what I was, too. I would find out where these different people were booked from and deal directly with them, with the artist. It worked out really well.

Now when Wanda Jackson was here, that was different one. The radio station at that time was under the Hotel Vernal, she was sitting in her car in front of the hotel one morning, and she saw me coming by, and I was carrying my guitar. She said, "Where are you going?" I stopped and talked to her a little bit. She said, "Let me come and watch." She did. I got to meet her. She did a song on the radio program I had. I don't know why I didn't get more pictures. The only pictures I got was with Jim Reeves. I wish I had more.

KI: When these artists came in, where did they perform? At Doc's Beach?

Wayne: Doc's Beach was one place they did. Jimmy Dickens did at the Imperial. At the National Guard Armory, they held dances there. That's all I can think of right now.

KI: Did you make money from tickets sales, or did you do it as a community service, or what?

Wayne: We tried to make money from ticket sales. Yes, we made a little money. Then, too, I had a little band that we used. That way it was less expensive, to have a local band, than to just have the artist. So we would be a contract band. That's what we did.

I'll have to tell you we had some pretty good darn musicians. There's a guy called "Cigarette Jones," great big, tall guy, he played a mandolin. His hand was just about as wide as a hood on a truck. But you talk about knocking fire out of that mandolin, he could do it. There was a guy named of Seth Christy, a steel guitar player. He play the "three-banked Rickenbacher." What that means is that, there is actually three steel guitars and they are in a bank. But the three are all tuned different, that's the reason for doing that. That way they can the get special effects they want. One might be tuned in E, one in A, and another in some tuning of their own liking, a little something that their ears tells them they might want this. If you wanted your music to sound like Ernest Tubbs, he did it. If you wanted it to sound like Web Pearce, he did it. He was so good.

He would start out the evening all cleaned up, and his shirt would always be unsnapped, the first button down here. But he was a "beer-o." He just loved beer and he wasn't too careful. The first the thing you know his shirt was wide open and the old beer would just pour down his belly. But he never missed a lick. He was one of the few musicians I ever saw that could get stoned and still play that guitar. Boy, he was good.

Those guys were good enough they should have been on the Grand Old Opry. At least to

me they were that good. That's tough business. Jim Reeves said, "Stay away from it. You wouldn't like it."

I entertained thoughts of being that good and there were others that thought so, but I talked with him and I talked to Hank Snow. I had a good little wife and I had a good little home, good little family. In the words of Jim Reeves: "In this business, it's hard to make them last." He said, "You choose." It would have taken money and time, I'd have had to live in Nashville and that sort of thing. We didn't want to live in Nashville, we didn't have the money, we didn't have the time, and really didn't have the desire either. We thought it would be better to have some like us here, than to have the whole world that hated us. It went well for us. I have never regretted a minute of it. It was a very important, very pleasant part of my life. I wouldn't trade it or anything.

KI: Do you remember when they put that radio station in there?

Wayne: Yes, it had to about 1946 or '47. It was in the bottom of the Hotel Vernal, the studios were. I may get this wrong, but I think Lee Walker was the first manager of that station. J.D. Jones, I don't know if he was manager or just worked there, Lee Walker was the first manager. It was KJAM. They had to use those call letters because the frequencies was jammed up and that was what that meant. Sometime later they got it pretty well straightened out so they changed it to KVEL.

KI: Is that what the "JAM" meant, it was all jammed up?

Wayne: That's the reason they called it KJAM, it was. I don't understand all I hear about it. What I understood was you might be listening to this station, and the one from Rocks Spring might take it's place, or the one from Craig. I don't if that's the way it was, but that was the way I understand it. They finally got it so they had more of a clear channel. Then they changed it to KVEL. The station was there for several years. I don't recall when they built that new one out there. The managers changed over the years. Everett Coon was manager of it. I think, oh, the little red-headed, country doctor, what's his name? Frank Judd. I think he was manager of it. I'm not sure about that.

Getting on Main Street, the company that I think did more to help people in Ashley Valley than probably all others combined was Ashton Brothers. They furnished jobs, which meant a payroll. There was so many, many times that they charged to people that they knew full well they would never get paid for. If people were hungry, they were hungry, don't matter if they have any money or not. I'll have to say this, in economics it was very poor business practice and it ended up being their demise, too. There is not any question in my mind that God will bless them for their generosity. They were good people.

KI: I went out and did a oral history with Ralph Ashton a couple of months before Virginia died, very good people. Their reason for doing that was simply because it was the right thing to do.

Do you remember N.J. Meagher?

Wayne: Yes. Mr. Meagher Sr. was the manager of the Bank of Vernal. About 1956 or '57, my

wife and family were just getting settled here in the valley after our military stuff. There was an old pickup truck that I needed. I'll have to say this about going in there and borrowing money, I could never tell if I was borrowing N.J. Meagher money or bank money, it might not make any difference if you got it.

He would sit back there in the corner; he reminded me a lot of my grandad the way he sat there. He would have his thumbs hooked in his vest, just sitting there watching people.

Anyway, I walked in there and I kind of looked around. "What do you need there, young man?" He called me over and had me sit down. "Where you been and what have you been doing?" I told him I had just got out of the military and was trying to get my feet on the ground and get started. "Well, what do you need here?" I had prepared what I thought was a really good speech to convince him he needed to let me borrow the money to buy that truck.

I told him I needed that truck and dived into that speech, but he stopped me. He says, "Who's your dad?" I told him. He turned around to the teller and said, "Make this young man out a deposit slip" for whatever amount it was. I got kind of tickled at that. I didn't borrow the money, my dad did. I did borrow it, but it was because of my dad's reputation.

I liked him. When I was sitting there he said, "Son, I'm going to tell you how this bank works. When I lend money, that's what I want back. I don't want your truck, I ain't got no use for it. On that paper it will say the first of the month, that doesn't mean the fifth, does it? Now you can pay it on the fifth if you want, but you better let me know on the first if you can't make it in here."

I was always, always had a 100% understanding of the terms of repayment to Mr. Meagher. I never, ever had a problem with him in that regard. It just tickled the death out of the old man to tell you how that bank was built, those brick being sent parcel post. I can't say I got so I knew him real well, but quite well.

They tell a story about him, about an Indian going in there to borrow some money for something from Mr. Meagher. They get on with their conversation and Mr. Meagher says, "How many ponies do you got?" I don't know if he got the money, but some time after that when the Indians came into their oil money, here's this same Indian out in front of the bank with money sticking out of his pockets, under his hat. Mr. Meagher came out of the bank and says "Hey, maybe you ought to put some of that money in that bank in there." Indian says, "How many ponies you got?" It's probably not a true story, but it could be.

KI: Did you ever deal with the Uintah State Bank?

Wayne: No. I tried one time and things didn't go well. I knew Mr. Cheney. Jess Cheney was the one that run the bank. Just for some reason I never had the desire to go over there. Never did any business with them.

KI: Across the street was the Co-op Building. It became Penney's after a while. When you were a kid what was it?

Wayne: My first recollection on that corner, it was Penney's. They had that hitching rail out behind Penney's, where people could come to town, there used to be a hitching rail.

KI: Wasn't there one out behind Ashtons as well?

Wayne: There very well could have been. Probably was one behind Ashtons.

I think I was in the library one day and telling how frightened I was of Miss Manker, the first librarian. I still think she was as mean as I thought she was. There was a beer joint right next to the library up there. The library at that time was on West Main Street, on the south side of the street, about two doors east from Marella's. That was about where that library was at. Just east of the one door was where the beer joint was. It was deemed that that wasn't a good place for the library. I know why, it was a bad influence on the kids. If some kid was half drunk and walked into that library, Miss Manker would beat the hell out of him.

These are a couple of little things that happened in our welding trade. My oldest boy and I, Don, laid the first water line that was used for making snow in Park City. It was quite an interesting job. I don't remember just how we came about getting that. But that guy came out here and made us one of those offers you can't refuse, rate of pay. Not only that but since you're away from home, I'll furnish your motel room, too. It was a good paying job.

We went out there and did that. It was the first metal line that contractor had ever laid. And talk about a greenhorn! There was two guys from Vernal that laid the first snow line in Park City. Don and I.

Another one that was kind of exciting, we helped build a gold mill in Tonkin Springs, Nevada. That had to the most phony setup from the word go that I had ever seen or could imagine. We did enough work on that mill to build that mill at least three times and maybe four. The engineering firm was an outfit by the name of Merritt, they were a bunch of Frogs from Canada. And the Frogs are French Canadians. It was far beneath the dignity of any engineer to speak to a welder. It made things very difficult to get anything done. To abbreviate that a lot, after they had spent forty-four million dollars constructing that plant, they pulled the gate closed and put a lock on it. They never processed an ounce of ore in through plant. Not one ounce.

Another job we did was down by Milford, Utah. We went down and developed that well at Roosevelt Springs, it's a geothermal well. That was for Phillips Petroleum. It was an exciting thing, particularly to the people of the area because they had been told by Phillips that when they got those generators in there, that would be the lowest priced electricity that money could buy. They can produce it less expensive and I think they could do that. But it was Utah Power and Light jurisdiction and by the time that Utah Power and Light got through with it, they proved it was the most expensive electricity that could be produced.

An interesting thing that happened on that, sitting there eating lunch one day, there were a half a dozen of us telling stories. We had to cross a railroad track to and from work and I told these guys you could take a penny and put it on the railroad track and when a train run over it, it would squash it out to about the size of a quarter and all the writing would still be on it. They didn't believe it, so the next morning on the way to work we stopped, and Don, he goes over to put a coin on the track. He didn't have a penny, but he had a dime, so he put the dime on there, and we went on to work, and that evening after work we stopped there, and he went to get his squashed-out dime. There wasn't a squashed-out dime but there was two nickels. I don't know where they come from, I don't, but that's a true story.

KI: Were they squashed?

Wayne: No. I'm not sure, but I think he did that. It's something he'd do.

I had a lot of good experiences with that welding business too. I was glad to get into that. It was kind of a lifesaver thing. I went to work for Salty Oaks Construction and learned the backhoe for \$3.50 an hour. Now this was back in the 1970s, to show how much things have changed since then. That's when that oil field over in Neola and Altamont and that country opened up and, boy, there was work, work, work. I had seen them welders out there, and they were getting \$10 an hour, and I'd watched what they were doing. I had never struck an ark, I'd never lit a torch, but I would watch them guys. I can read a square, I can read a tape, I can add and subtract. I thought, "I can do any of that stuff those guys can." So I went to work with a guy as a helper for a couple of months. Then I bought me a welding machine. That's how I started.

I should have been run out of the oil field but I wasn't. Ended up with a reputation as a pretty darn good welder. Started with \$10 an hour and by the time I hung my hood up and my stinger, the rates were \$40 an hour. That was a pretty good paying job. That lasted some twenty odd years in that business. I had a dandy shop up home there. 'Course, then in the early 80s when the oil industry went bottom side up, you had to go where the jobs were. We did. I got a trailer and hooked onto the back of truck. Sometimes Mom could go with me and sometimes she couldn't. All the times when she could, Ralphie did.

KI: Who is Ralphie?

Wayne: My little black dog.

We walked the streets of Bakersfield, worked the field in Taft down there for Mobil Oil Company. The tarantulas, spiders, rattlesnakes in Nevada, Colorado, the wind of Wyoming and, of course, Utah. In all those places we did welding work. I liked that. It was so gratifying to be able to take flat iron, structural steel, pipe or whatever and reshape to where it was useful for whatever you needed. It was very satisfying to be able to do that.

KI: Tell me a little about Jackie. Did she work? I would think so, especially in the '80s when things were so difficult.

Wayne: She did work. She worked quite a lot. Right after we were first married it was a matter of keeping us from starving to death. All my personal effects were between Cheyenne and Pusan, Korea. The military was real generous, they couldn't not pay you, but they could pay you a partial payment of \$10 a month. Yeah, she went to work then. She worked off and on at different places most of our married life. She worked when Safeway was there where True Value is now. She was their cake decorator.

Oh, I got tickled at her one time on that. It was county fair time. I don't know why I was down there at the fairgrounds but I was. I went back up to the bakery and said, "Mom, why don't you decorate a cake and put it in the fair?" She said, "I don't want to do that." I said, "Yeah, I think you should." I talked her into it.

That darn cake with the separators and everything was four feet tall, a big wedding cake.

It was huge, but it was so pretty. Load it and take it down there and put it together and put the rest of the flowers on it. She made all the flowers with those little outfits, they weren't artificial. She was so good at it. There was another gal there that had a one-layer sample of a wedding cake. She had won blue ribbons several times. Hers wasn't a cake but a piece of Styrofoam. When she saw Jackie and I bringing that big cake in there, she became furious. Hers still looked nice and it was nice, but it looked so minuscule. Jackie's cake was judged grandest of the grand.

Later she worked at the bowling alley. She liked people, she run that little snack bar there. She worked a full shift there four days before she passed away. Very dedicated to whatever she done.

KI: When did she pass away?

Wayne: 1 February 1998. Six years ago here in a few days.

KI: I have always known she was absolutely the center of your life.

Wayne: She was. That little old place we had up there in Maeser, we had that dude for forty years, and that had to be one of the best, and yet one of the most aggravating, places in the whole valley. Because a job would come up and I'd have to leave town and she couldn't go because we had a little bunch of sheep or something like that. I hated that. I went on a job in Ferny, Nevada, one time and had my trailer parked there, it was right beside the freeway, and one afternoon I was sitting there in the door having a cup of coffee. I didn't count, but there was thousands and thousands of cars going down that road and not one of them wanted to see me. I thought, "Bull shit on this." I hooked onto the trailer and brought it home.

We had just bought a new one and it was dandy. I took that trailer home long enough to unload it, then I took it down to Gene Anfinson and told him to sell it. I told Mom, "I'm never going to do this again. I didn't spend my entire life trying to put two or three little things together to be alone, I ain't going to do it." She said okay. That's when I got that system to put photographs on coffee mugs.

You know, I have pulled a lot of boneheaded tricks and made a lot of dumb decisions. That wasn't one of them. That was fun, it was easy, and there was a buck or two in it. It was one of the best things I ever done. She liked to do her craft stuff. She made quilts, dolls, blankets, tole painted. The mugs just tied right into the other crafts. We done a lot of craft shows. There's no money in it. The biggest thing there is is a lot of hard work. We got to meet a lot of interesting people. That was basically what we did about the last ten years she was here. It was good.

KI: When you look back on it, do you think you had a pretty good life?

Wayne: If I had to pick the things to change, I don't know what it would be. I can think of errors, I can think of boneheaded tricks, but I can also take the same ones and get a laugh out of every one of them.

I think the next world is going to be the same way. It ain't going to be smooth sailing all the time. If we don't have challenges and things that test us, it isn't going to be very interesting. If I haven't got that cat to be under my feet once in a while, that's another challenge. I will have

that little black dog and that old shaggy dog and I'll have Mom to say, "Hey, get in here, supper's ready."

I think I'm enjoying my life now more than I ever have because I look at it from a different perspective. There's not much I'd change. Even the lonesome part plays a part, I'm not sure what it is. It's like fog, it's not too good. I got a lot of good friends, like you, that stop by. I'm so grateful to do this.

KI: Wayne, thanks so much for talking with me about your life. I have really enjoyed the time I've spent with you.